generosity of the top confiding multitude removed from his cowardly soul the fear of punishment,

and persuaded him that he could, with impunity, compire against the nation, than, together with his Jesuitical companions, he laid schemes for enact-ing a modern St. Bartholomew. Through the in-strumentality of the priests, who from the altars

alluded to, traversed the city, attacking every group of Liberals, who, with the courage of des-

pair, congregated together for mutual protection.

The Swiss troops (recruited almost exclusively from the ranks of the Sonderbund) surpassed the

others in ferocity; as a specimen, I can cite one circumstance: About 400 Liberals having taken refuge in a house, these barbarians contrived to

d r the disguise of Liberals, to quarrel with the Swiss, brought them against the enemies of the

King under feelings of personal irritation. The responsibility of these atrocities lies, therefore, more on the shoulders of the King and the Jesu-

Such is the rule of the King of Naples. As

an undisguised tyrant, he is less dangerous than some others. He acts up to the maxim that the Kingdom is his by Divine right; and, like a cer-

tain English duke, he says, "Can I not do as I will with my own?" A few days scoper or later, this monster muse fall, amid universal execus-

subjected his victims to greater suffering than if he

had handed them over at once to the executioner.

citing the Tuscans to cut each other's throats-

its than on those of the troops.

THE NATIONAL ERA

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[OOPY-RIGHT SECURED.]

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A STORY OF THE ISLAND ESTATE. BY MES. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

BOOK THIRD.

VI. LOUIS AND SUSAN. Uneasy now becomes perforce The inevitable intercour e, Too grateful heretofore; Each in the other can descry

They know that each to each can seem No longer as of yore;

Yet each, while thus enstranged, I deem Heveres the other more;

Hers is, perhaps, the saddest heart-His, the more forced and painful part -Souther At the earnest entreaty of General Stuart-Gordon, Miss Somerville remained at the Isle of Rays until the convalescence of Louis; then she

took her departure for her solitary home on the Crags. It was a bright, sharp morning near the heartfelt delight. George displayed with glee a bunch of birds that he had brought home for dren's men's, and boys' coarse straw hats; all the work of his hands, which he said would bring sixty dollars when he could take them to market-And Harriet displayed some of the whitest spun cotton, which she said would knot beautiful fringes and toilet covers. Both feared, however, that " Miss Susie" would find the house very rough in comparison with the beautiful Island Mansion, Miss Somerville smiled away their doubts; and, having looked through her house, and then laid off her riding habit, she quietly settled herself

with her needle-work by her lonely fireside. "I am but twenty-one," said Susan to herself "and yet I begin to feel very much like an old

But she did not look so, with her tender peach blossom cheek, and the silky black curls dropping soft shades upon them.

The day was heavy-it was no use to disguise Mot. Susan found it so; and often rising from her seat, she walked to the windows and looked out from very weariness. And as she remembered the pleasant family circle at the Isle of Rays-the little Brighty, and Louis, her protegé; her patient, suffering, sad, but the more interesting on that account-Susan nearly regretted the morbid selfrespect that forbade her to yield to the pressing entreaties of the Stuart-Gordon family, and take up her residence among them.

Night closed around her, and then more than ever she missed the social family circle that nightly gathered around the bright hickory fire in the oak panneled parlor at the Isle of Rays. She imsgined them as they sat there after the tea table was cleared away, the General and Britannia with the chess-board between them. The General, with my father, for what do you take me!"

his deep, hearty laugh, and Britannia with her "For a heart-sick, brain-sick, thoughtlessly his deep, hearty laugh, and Britannia with her beaming glance, and half-mocking smile; and Louis? what might Louis be doing now, that she was not there to keep him alive?-reclining back in his crimson velvet chair, watching the game with languid eyes.

A wild blast of wind against the window aroused her from her reverie. She arose and looked out, and found that a snow storm had suddely arisen. She resumed her seat; and while the tempest howled around the old house, Susan felt more desolate in her loneliness than ever George came in with tea, and toast, and a lighted candle, upon a waiter. He sat it down on the table by Miss Somerville's side, and then be quiet-

"The truth is, I have no appetite," thought Susan, as she turned to her solitary meal. "That long sojourn at the Isle of Rays has spoiled me entirely; I can no longer enjoy a meal that is at once very frugal and very lonely !"

A second and a wilder blast of the storm startled Susan from her chair, and at the same moment the door was pushed open, and Louis Stuart Gordon suddenly stepped into the room, stamping the snow from his boots, and throwing off his sleetcovered cloak, and revealing his black suit, slight

Miss Somerville paled herself. " In the name of Heaven, Louis, what tempted you out on such a night as this?-you, who are barely convalescent !" exclaimed the young nurse in displeasure, as the imprudent patient dropped exhausted into a chair beside her.

"Do not seold, my loved physician; the storm had not arisen when I set out-it overtook me at

the top of the Crags." "Yet you should not have left the house upon any account-no, not until spring."

"You are mistaken, Susan; I am stronger than you think. I am recovering rapidly. Give me a Miss Somerville went to the other door, called

to-day, Susan, but I most of all. I seem to be a supernumerary at the Isle, now. In short, pany, and having a great deal of listless news on hand, I have come to bestow a part of it on you-

Have patience with me, Susan." George now entered with another cup and

Louis drew his chair in closer to the fire, while the storm raged more fiercely around the house. Miss Somerville quietly pursued her needlework, but a heavy gloom lowered slowly and darkly upon her spirits. It was a vague sense of ing nervously at the windows, as she hoped and prayed and watched for the violence of the storm o abate. Louis, for his part, sat there looking the very picture of repose and contentment. He was silent, and sometimes very abstracted, seementering into conversation with her. A wild blast of the hall storm rattled against the winthe door, intending to look out, but a furious gust of wind blew it violently open—sending a

turbed than ever.

"But there is, my dear Susan. I have never—
no—never seen you so agitated!"

Susan's brow flushed to crimson, and she
turned her head aside. Louis took her hand,
pressed it, and bending forward, looked searchingly into her eyes.

"Susan, I never had a sister, but you are dear
to me as any sister could be—my loved Susan,
tell me what disturbs you?"

"I am so sorry that you risked your health by

"I am so sorry that you risked your health by exposing yourself to this storm!" replied Miss Somerville, with a benevolent evasion.

The clock struck ten. Louis then arose and resumed his cloak—and took his hat.

Miss Somerville started up. "What! Louis, you do not think of venturing out in this horrible

"Assoredly, Susan!"

"Assuredly, Susan!"

"But you must not, indeed! Pull off your cloak, sit down, remain here. I will have a fire lighted in my grandfather's room for you!"

"Do you not understand that I want return, "No! no! you are mad to think of it. You

should not have come at first-but being here, you shall nor depart in the midst of the night "But my dearest Susan "-

"But my dearest Susan"—
"But, Louis, it as much as your life is worth!
Sit down—be quiet—don't fidget me—I have had trouble enough on your account already—so sit down! I am out of breath!"
Instead of sitting down, Louis opened the door, but a violent blast of wind and sleet nearly blew him down, and again it took all his strength to force to the door. He shut it, and throwing off his cloak, sat down. It was literally impossible to reach the Isle of Rays that night

"Do you know, Susan, that with all your gen-tleness, you are very audacious in some things?"
"Very, yery courageous in some things, Louis!
Yes, I him when I know how doing right! So not be uneasy, Louis. No one will misunder-And so Miss Somerville tried to think; but as

she remembered the censorious propensities of the neighborhood, the sinking of her heart belied bunch of birds that he had brought home for her noble words. Nevertheless, Miss Somerville, 'Miss Susie's" dinner; and exhibited with great by turning a guest out in the storm, would not pride a vast pile of flag mats, baskets, and children a wrong, to escape the imputation of wrong.

"Mr. Louis, I will trouble you for a half hour's conversation with me in my study," said General Stuart-Gordon, rising from the breakfast table, pushing back his chair, and leading the way

Louis arose and followed.

When they had arrived there, and were seated

When they had arrived there, and were seated, the General said—
"You spent last night at the Crage, Louis?"
"Yes, sir! The storm prevented my return."
"The threatened storm should have prevented your going forth, Louis."
Louis bowed, and remained silent.
"You remained all night at the Crags! Well,

this caps the climax! If you do not consider the question intrusive, Louis, will you favor me with question intrusive, Louis, will you favor me with your reason for going to the Crags?"

"I went thither to see Miss Somerville, sir!"

"Hum! you went thither to see, Miss Somerville. Louis, do you know that you are seriously compromising that poor girl?"

"Sis!" exclaimed Louis, starting.

"My dear Louis, do you know, or has selfish-

ness blinded you, that you cannot now visit Miss Somerville so frequently without subjecting her

"Heavens! sir, it cannot be so!"

Louis grew very pale.

"Tell me, sir! by whom—by whom has Susan been slandered? If by any living man, by Heaven, he shall pay dearly for his temerity—if of any living woman, her factor, brother, or husband, shall settle the account!"
"Pooh! pooh! Louis, I did not say slander disparaging speculations. Can you call a man out because his wife or daughter 'wonders' what

Susan means, and 'hopes it will all end well.'
Pshaw! but, Louis, you are doing Susan a more
serious injury than in subjecting her to the gossip of the neighborhood. You are trifling with
her affections, Louis!" "No! no, sir! God knows that I am not! Oh,

selfish, and cruel young man !"

erville—a heart not lightly won or easily lost!"
"No, sir! no! It is not so! it cannot be so! re me! Come, sir, I am not a coxcomb!"
"My dear Louis! it is just such good girls as

Susan Somerville that are apt to love such good-for-nothing fellows as you! It is a law of na-ture. If the good married the good, and the strong the strong, and the evil the evil, and the weak the weak—what a world of beauties and of monsters, ons and of angels, we should have! I tell brain-sick, heart-sick, broken-down son of mine! "Oh, sir, this cannot be so! Heaven forbid that it should be so, indeed! Susan loves me, it el loves a sufferer !--not else !"
She loves you as a lover, Louis !--and you

"And I? I love Susan as a dear sister—I re vere her as a guardian spirit—not else !"

"Louis, you should marry her !"

"You should marry Susan Somerville!" "Good Heaven, sir! impossible! I do not love

"And yet you cannot for a single day do with "And yet you cannot for a single day do withcut the company of this girl, whom you do not
love well enough to marry! Louis, as a man of
honor, you must do one of two things—marry
Susan Somerville, or never see her more! You
said that she loved you as a brother, I say that
she loves you as a lover!"

"Are you sure of this, sir ?"
"Sure of it, Louis."

"Sir, I will take one week to think of it. At the end of this time I will either resign the conher my hand!"
"My dear Louis, that is right!"

The week Louis Stuart-Gordon requested was for this purpose: to write once more to Louise-once more, and for the very last time! This let-ter was an eloquent appeal. He concluded it

"Though an act of the Legislature has divorced my hand from yours, no power on earth can divorce my hand from yours, no power on earth can divorce my heart from yours, best beloved Louise! I am but twenty years of age, Louise, yet a few silver hairs are already mingting with the brown on my temples! I have no hope of happiness in the future, except in the feeling that you still line! that while there is life there is hope! Write to me once again, Louise, and write to me frankly, for my destiny and that of others hangs upon your words. Decide my fute for me. There is a lady to whom I am bound by the deepest ties of gratitude. My father wishes me to marry her. I have not yet named the subject to her; for, though her society has been a great solace to me, I regard her only as a sister, and I wished to hear from you again, and for the last time, before taking any step that might raise an insuperable barrier to our future reunion! No other woman has ever approached your throne in my heart, Louise! Write to me frankly. If you will return to me—yea, even if you give me the least

"I am still thine own "Louis Stuart Gornon."

By return mail, Louis received the following reply, written by Mrs. Armstrong: BROWN'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON

gust of wind blew it violently open—sending a tempest of smow and hall late the room. Susan with all her strength was unable to close the door, and Louis had to get up to help her. Then they

stincts sent him to Susan Somerville, to have it dressed. So, as soon as he had received this cruel letter, he felt that he needed the gentle girl, whose kind words and soft tones and glances had such power to soothe his excited mind. He placed the letter in his father's hand, and stood, cap and riding-whip in hand, waiting for him to read it.
"You are going to the Crage, Louis, I suppose,"

and returning the letter.
"I am, sir."

"You remember your promise, Louis—never to return thither, unless it was with the intention of offering your hand to Susan Somerville."
"I remember it, sir, and I go for that pur-

"Susan-Susan Somerville-I know that I am "Susan—Susan Somerville—I know that I am utterly unworthy of you! I am a bowed, miserable, and miring man! You are firm, strong, and company in your strength. Yet, Susan, now! I something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without you; at least, so it seems to something without your to and the last drawn and grew deadly pale, and then fished back to crimson. She withdrew the hand that he had taken, arose, and walked in an agitated manner to the window. Louis got up and followed her.

followed her.
'Susan! dear Susan! is it such presumption

to hope that I may be able to persuade you to give me your hand in marriage? Why do you not speak to me, Susan?" "Louis!" she faltered, and her frame trem-bled from head to foot. "Well, dearest Susan, but that is no answer!"

"Alas' Louis do not dream of another mar-riage especially with me with me, who had such an affection for"— very last time. She is to be married in three weeks, Susan!" Gracious Heavens! No!"

she has deserted me, you have been my good angel; you have kept me from the grave. Say, Susan, will you not bless the life that you have saved? I feel, Susan, as though I could not live without your society. Come, Miss Somerville, make my father, Britannia, and myself, happy !" "Louis, as far as in me lies, I will make you all happy. I will be your friend and sister, as heretofore—and nothing more, Louis."

"Alas! Susan, do you not know that the world does not recognise such a relation between those whom the ties of blood or of marriage do not

Susan leaned her elbow on the window sill, dropped her brow upon her hand, and remained silent.

Louis, leave me !" Then take it, Louis. An impulse, strong a

I am on the rack. Go, Louis! angel! tempter!
Go, and let me draw into the quiet!
"Not without my answer, Susan!" He took
her hand, and pressed it to his lips; he argued,
implored, but failed to persuade. After some
hours he left, and returned to the lale of Rays.

Susan dropped, pale and languid, upon the old ettee. When Harriet came in to give her a cup you ever know any one who was miserable all

"No. Miss Susan, I never knew any one, not youth to age—except it was from remorse. No, Miss Susan, but I have seen many a cloudy morning clear off beautifully towards mid-day. Is not the sun breaking through the clouds of your life

now, Miss Susan ?"
General and Mrs. Stuart-Gordon came up the Crags in the afternoon. Their object was to persuade Susan to accept the hand of Louis. The truth is, that General Stuart-Gordon was tired of having his family deranged with uncertainty, anxiety, grief, anger, and illness, and all the various passions, emotions, and calamities, that had agitated the Island Manor for the last two years. He longed to see Louis comfortably married, and with a young nursery growing up around him. He knew that Louis never could be persuaded to address any young lady, unless it was Susan; he knew, also, that such was the feeling against daughter to a divorced man. Miss Somerville had no parents or guardians to interfere, and, besides, she loved Louis. Lastly, she had a great veneration for "those in authority," and for the opinions of her elders in general, and General Stuart-Gordon in particular. She would be likely to yield her prejudices to his persuasiona. As for Britannia, she loved sunshine, and Louis, delicate as he was, made a grent shadow at the isle of Rays, especially when Susan was away. And she wanted a female companion; she could not make one of her housekeeper, or her maid. She wanted a lady, an equal. So that I am afraid there was a little alloy of selfishness in the pure gold of, benevolence with which the General and Brighty wished to secure the happiness of Louis

of, benevolence with which the General and Brighty wished to secure the happiness of Louis and Susan.

Miss Somerville did not long hold out against all those influences brought to bear upon her. Not because she was alone and poor, and denied the pleasures of a social family circle, and the comforts of wealth—not because she loved Louis comforts of wealth—not because she loved Louis—not for all these strong reasons would Susan Somerville have consented, but because the happiness of Louis and the cheerfulness of his family seemed to depend upon her decision. At last, while Britannia was clasping her hand, and smiling in her eyes Susan assented. Then Brighty fondly embraced her. The next day, Britannia, attended by Louis and a servant with a led horse, came up to the Craga, to bring Miss Somerville back to the late of Rays. Having arrived, Brighty took Susan up stairs. A wide hall divided the second floor, as the first. This hall was lighted by two large bay windows, one at the front, and

know." Then she conducted Susan in. They were a beautiful suite of rooms, consisting of a boudoir, a dressing-room, and a bed-chamber, running parallel with the hall from front to back, in the order I have narrated them, connected by doors, and each having a door opening upon the hall. The draperies were all light-blue sits, and gave a singularly cheerful aspect to the rooms.

"Now, my rooms, you know," said Britannia, "are in the reverse order of this. My bed-room is in the front, my dressing-room in the middle—oh! that is just where yours is; and my boudoir in the back is turned into a nursery for little Brighty. It was once Louis's dressing room."

All that week Britannia was occupied in preparing for the wedding.

The marriage ceremony was to be performed very quietly on the next Sabbath, at church, be-

fore the morning service.

Saturday came, and the despair of Louis was frightful to look upon. General Stuart-Gordon was indignant, and Britannia herself was struggling against an increasing irritability.
Gertrude Lion and her brother were to be the bridal attendants. They arrived to an early lin-ner—intending to remain all day and night. The

even Gertrude's laughter was smothered in some-thing very like a great sigh.

In the afternoon little Zoe arrived.

After an early tea, the househeld separated— that is to say, Louis went off to his own apart-ment—Susan disappeared, no one knew where— the General betook himself to the wainscoted parlor to suik, and Brighty followed him, in an amiable spiris of contradiction, so defeat that profitable object. Brutus Lion stalked off to the stables, and the two girls, Gertrude and her pet, went to their own rooms to have a good confiden-tial girlish talk about matters and things in gen-eral, and the approaching marriage in particular. eral, and the approaching marriage in particular. Up to this time, be it remembered that Gertrude had not chanced to know that the aspirant to the hand of Louise Armstrong was her own ci-devant admirer, Frobisher. No! that Gertrude had now to learn; but we will leave the girls gabbling in their chamber in good time, before the unlucky little tongue of Zoe shall have told the news, or applied the match that shall explode our dear applied the match that shall explode our dear grenado, Gertrude. We will follow Louis, though he is not just now an agreeable object of study

Louis had left the tea-table, and wandered in Louis had left the tea-table, and wandered in an abstraction to his own chamber. It was situated in the front of the house, as I mid. It was so early in the evening that the window blinds the river and the opposite high banks—the highest crowned by Mont Crystal, the old home of Louise. It was very distinct in the evening light.

"Gracious Heavens! No!"

"This is so!"

"And you, Louis?"

"Look at me, Susan! I am very caim and quiet! Come, Susan! I have passed two years of widowhood; that is a long time to wear the willow for a faithless woman. She will marry, she will go to England; an ocean will separate us; we shall never meet again. She is indeed dead to me. Read Mrs. Armstrong's letter!"

"Oh! all this is very horrible!" Susan said, when she had concluded it.

"Now, then, Susan, during all this time that she has deserted me, you have been my good an-

It was a lovely and a soothing scene, yet Louis sickened at it. He closed the blinds, and sat down in dark-ness. He sat down in a deep and high-backed chair, and dropping his head upon his open palms, gave himself up to sad thoughts. An hour passed, and he had not changed his

Suddenly he felt two light, soft hands descend

"My dear Susan!" exclaimed Lous, in a tone between surprise and remorse.

"You are mad! Ponder, my dear Gertrude—between surprise and remorse.

She silently pressed his hands, went quietly to ciety. Nay, I have passed my word to my father, the window, opened the blinds, letting in a flood certain even in our own hearts of her guilt."

"Louis, you are very wretched—why do not deal frankly with me?"

Why do you not honestly tell mothe cause "Oh, Susan!"
"Why not have said to me, 'Sssan, I loved thee as a dear sister, I drew health from thy pres ence, and cheerfulness from thy talk; but, Susan

wed thee! "Come, Louis! we have both sofed foolishly we have both been weak and wicked; let us re-

trace our footsteps while there is yet time!"

"What mean you, Susan?"

"Let us break this ill-omened eagagement—it
was wrong; do not let it become fatal—come, let
us consider it!" "Never, Susan! Never! Pardor, dear Susan! pardon a few regrets given to the past—they will soon themselves be past!—they are past! Susan, you merit my entire devotion!—you have it!"

"Thank you, dearest Louis! but my purpose

"Thank you, dearest Louis! On any parties is fixed! Since you will not agree with me to annul this engagement, I break through it! I came here for that purpose!"

"But, Susan, this is hasty—this is rash! You "My friend!" said Susan, with a mild solemnity, "I have erred, and suffered somewhat from rashness. I will never be rash again! No, Louis! I have thought of this some weeks, but I resolved

to do nothing rashly!"

"But, Susan"

"To-right my mind is made up finally, and," said Miss Somerville, standing up and resting her hand upon the dressing table—"and Louis! here I take God and his holy evangelists to witness that I will never, under any possible circumstan-ces, give you my hand in marriage, or sustain any other relation to you than that of sister and

the hand that fell upon the Bible, but it was too late; the oath was recorded.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling—by a strange contradiction, Louis was struck powerless by the sight of the consolation so unexpectedly, so irretrievably snatched from him. At last he "Oh, why! why have you done this? rash and

hard-hearted girl!"

"To cut this matter short at once and forevery Louis! And now, dear Louis, we shall be friends again. We have been such strangers since our betrothal, Louis! Now that that is annulled, we shall be friends again. I shall be thy sister and consoler as heretofore. Whenever thou art lonely, or wearied, or troubled, thou shalt come to meyes, in season and out of season, at all times and at all hours, Louis, and find a sister's affection

"As I told one gentle one, who is nameless here, the world will make no missakes about me! Good night, Louis! I go to announce this new phase of affairs to Britannia."

Good night, Louis! I go to announce this new phase of affairs to Britannia."

Louis caught her hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips, and then permitted her to leave him. She went out, with the purpose of descending into the oak parlor to talk with Brighty, when the opposite door of the chamber, jointly occupied by Gertrude and Zoe, was thrown open, and Gertrude Lion, in a state of high excitement, burst out and fled past her down the stairs, and into the oak parlor. Amazed, Susan drew back and returned to her own room.

"Pil be hanged, drawn, and quartered, before I stand it! Pil be torn to pieces by wild beasts before I stand it! Pil be blown up from the crater of my own volcano before I stand it!" thundered Gertrude Lion, bounding like a storm into the midst of the room—her tall figure elevated, her fine head thrown back, her yellow hair falling like a cataract, her broad white bosom now red and heaving, her neck, her cheeks, her very brow, flushed to a bright carnation, her transparent nostrils distended, quivering, her light-blue Saxon eyes dilated, blazing!

General Stuart-Gordon and Britannia looked at her in silent astonishment.

might, it would be a relief. I shall choke to death! I shall burst!" cried the giantess, shaking with her thunder from head to foot.

"HoLD rove renoun!" shouted the amazon, strutting up and down the room like a chafed bearess in her cage. "Don't speak to me, I am langerous; I shall do damage; I shall explode and blow the house up!"

resumed their seats, and then, for the first time, Louis noticed her sullenness.

"What is the matter, Susan?" he inquired, machois. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly-married coule will depart for New York, whence they will sail by the first packet to Eogland. I accompany them.

"But there is, my dear Susan. I have never—no—never seen you so agitated!"

Susan's brow flushed to crimson, and she

"Whenever Louis received a wound, his inlet this human hyena walk abroad among women, and never resolved to deal with her until she struck her fangs into my own heart! Selfish that I was! Not for the sake of Susan, of Louise, of Louis, of Zoe, of all the hearts that she has trampled in the dust, did I resolve to punish her! Now she would plant her cloven foot upon my bosom! Would marry off my boy-my own, own boy-the gift of the mountain cataract to me; my

abstraction of Louis, much as he struggled to overcome it, damped the spirits of the whole party—
even Gertrude's laughter was smothered in something very like a great sigh.

In the afternoon little Zee arrival the precipice of Mad River Pass, and I saved him. He has taken a wronger road over a madder pass, and is in danger of being thrown over a worse precipice than before, and I'll save him again! That I should let the Armstrong marry him off to a milk-sop like Louise, who is not capable of taking care of him! Set her up with it! What would Louise do with his Irish bog tretting peasants? I would make them work and surport themselves! I can't drive slaves, somehow! There is a pride in my heart that keeps me from it! But oh, glory! how I can drive worthless free people! I'd soon have the hillocks levelled and the bog filled up! But how can Louise help him in his plans of life? Oh, he has been charmed, fooled; he is in a bewilderment! He shall be saved!"

The storm had nearly expended its fury. From break down the staircase, to prevent escape; then setting fire to the building, all perished in the flames. This conduct of the Swiss was the more surprising, since they had but a few days previous shown marked sympathy with the Liberals. The change was brought about by the subtlety of the Jesuits, who, by sending agents of their own un-

wilderment! He shall be saved!"

The storm had nearly expended its fury. From tearing and striding—from thundering, blazing, and roaring, Gertrade subsided into sauntering, crying, and exclaiming. The storm had subsided, but not the resolution to which it had given birth. General Stuart-Gordon took his paper and walked out of the room Brighty arose, and, taking the hand of the still somewhat excited girl, led her to a seat by the fire, and placing one hand upon her heaving breast, she inquired, "Now, what is all this about, Gentrude?"

""What is all this about?" Why, that I have What is all this about? Why, that I have

just heard from Zoe Dove the name of the young tion.

The Course of the young tion with the series as great a tyrant as his brother. It is James Frobisher, my own been series as great a tyrant as his brother. It is James Frobisher, my own been series as great a tyrant as his brother. "My cousin, the Earl of Clonmachnois, whose

life you saved! But were you betrothed?"
"Yes-no! That is to say, I do not really know if it was actually so or not. This was the way of it: He passed six weeks with me at the Lair. Just before he went, he asked me to have him—but just to go to a boarding school for a year, and learn some accomplishments. Well, I told him no, very decidedly; of course I was not going to have a man for the first asking. I wanted to be courted like other women! I suppose he misunderstood me, or he hadn't time; at any rate, he took my no, and went off with it! Something in my own bosom assures me that he prefers me to every other woman. Mrs. Armstrong knew it all. She was in the neighborhood all the time while you were away; and in two words, I am going to Washington to forbid the banns."

"You are mad, Gertrude!"

"Then I am the better company for those I go to see!" exclaimed the amazon, with spirit. "Good night! Late as it is, this night I go to Suddenly he felt two light, soft hands descend like a blessing on his head.

He looked up in surprise, and recognised Susan Somerville.

Her hands slipped down over his temples, and then dropped kindly upon his hands, which they took and pressed.

"My dear Susan!" exclaimed Louis, in a tone her surprise and remore.

"We wan surprise and remore." "Cood night! Late as it is, this night I go to the Lair, and to-morrow, with early dawn, I set out for Washington. Oh, I'll strike her a blow! I'll give her a turn! I'll purposely wait until the parson!—then I'll denounce her villany!

Then I'll insist upon being heard! Then and there I will denounce her!"

"You are mad! Ponder, my dear Gertrude—"

ily employed at unmaking as he was before at cre-"THEN and THERE! In her pride of place, in her hour of triumph, I will denounce her as a traitress—as a murderess! and I will trust to her own conscience, in that moment of surprise and horror, to corroborate my testimony if I am right, night, once more! I have no time to lose in vain ceremonies! Make my adieus to the family." And the amazon bounded from the room.

And the amazon bounded from the room.

The next morning, at breakfast, Britannia mentioned the mad freak of the Ger-Falcon.

"What! do such a desperate act as that? She will not, with all her madness."

"Rely upon it that Gortrude will do it."

"If she has such a design, she must be prevented from carrying it out. It would kill Louise." And Louis areae from the table and rang the bell.

"Saddle the fleetest borse in the stable!" was the order he cave the servent who appeared. the order he gave the servant who appeared.

In fifteen minutes, Louis Stuart Gordon was galloping rapidly towards the Lair. He arrived in two hours. Gertrude had set out for the metropolis at four o'clock that morning. It was eleven. She had seven hours in advance

her hard riding, would probably reach the city by nightfall. He, were he to set out now, might reach it by ten or eleven o'clock at night. He resolved to attempt it. Writing a hasty line to his family, and sending it by a boy, he set out for Washington TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT

From the New York Tribune.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

SPRINGFIELD, Monday, June 5, 1850. To the Editor of the New York Tribune : Since you have been so obliging as to insert your columns my reply to the calumnies of Sigma against the Roman Republic, I am encouraged again to trespass on your patience by sending you a few observations touching a system of misrepre-

a few observations touching a system of misrepresentation which has been insidiously disseminated throughout this country, as likewise in Europe.

The Aristocratic-Jesuitical party seems to be especially interested in distorting the Italian question, not only because it involves the immediate well-being of some twenty-five millions of human beings, but likewise because, from its religious, as well as from its geographical position, it could not fail to exercise an immense influence upon the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the entire world. By most artful misrepresentations, this party endeavors to de-prive the Liberals of the sympathy of American

In monarchical countries it is studiously incul cated among the people that they ought to be overwhelmed with respect and gratitude when-ever the Prince relinquishes some small portion of his power, as the means of preserving the re-

hands of an agent, and this agent were to take it into his head to appropriate the whole to his own use, leaving the company in a state of destitution. Let us imagine that this agent, fearful lest the company might come and forcibly take back its property, were to hire a band of ruffiana to protect him, and that this mercenary gang were to beat, imprison, or kill, the poor, defrauded merchants. Let us imagine that their friends and neighbors, having united to assist them, this dishonest agent, rather than risk a fight, were to restore to the company a tithe of his plunder, and then were to have the effrontery to tell them that they ought to be grateful for his generosity—what would you say of such a fellow?

Such is precisely the relative position of People and of Prince. The oppression of the Pope is even more odious; for he, uniting the temporal to the spiritual dominion, destroys all confidence between man and man, all affection in families, and works upon the superstition of the masses, using

upon being included) among the temporal Princes, and let us importially weigh the conduct of these Princes toward the People.

When the oppression of the Italian Government had, in 1847, risen to such an excess that the Princes could no longer withstand the popular movement, these Princes, acting under the advice of a British peripatetic Ambassador, placed themselves at the head of the Liberal party, to lead, and to misicad it. What else could be expected from Jesuits? When were Princes ever known to have reformed themselves?

may be considered, from the death of the three persons above mentioned, more as the work of the Conclave, than his own spontaneous acts. All the accusations with which he charged the Triumvirate have been proved to be false—while without the slightest hesitation he himself commits those very crimes—witness, among other proofs, the decree of confiscation just published in Rome. The little broreign Secretary has contributed but little to the crimes of the Roman reaction—the Pope did not want his stimulus; moreover the British Consul at Rome is an honorable, independ merchant, who has never been contaminated. pent merchant, who has never been contaminated by the Jesuitical lessons taught in the school of However numerous and fatal may have been the faults of Carlo Alberto on previous occasions, nevertheless he seems to have determined in the spring of 1849 to try a last desperate effort to wipe off the stains upon his reputation—but all was useless; the Camarilla effectually thwarted all his projects; the disaster of Novara put an end to his career, and he, in his turn, found himself an exile. The Republicans, had they not been interfered with by French intervention in

liberal-minded men. Unfortunately these good

self an exile. The Republicans, had they not been interfered with by French intervention in Rome, could have remedied these disasters. They were organizing in the centre of Italy a truly patrioticand strong Government—one which derived its power not through the oppression of those at the head of the State, but from the popular sympathy upon which it was founded—from its wisdom, its moderation, its justice, its firmness, its honesty. This new Government, though surrounded with all sorts of difficulties, was fearlessly placed in comparison with the long-established Governments on all sides of it, that all nations might see which system worked the best. Such philanthropic projects could not but meet with the opposition of the Despots, and the Republic now lies prostrate—stunned—but not dead. The Tyrants and their organs have dared to say that the people are not fit to govern themselves, because they avoid the vices of their former oppressors. The Princes accuse of a desire of plunder the people who required reforms. Have not the Princes committed every species of rapine and plunder? Where can one instance of this be found on the part of the people in insurrection? I will cite one example out of many of the people's honesty: While proclamations of this nature were yet on the walls of the Tuscan cities, a citizen of Leghorn, alarmed at seeing a great crowd in the streets, ran off home from his store with his handkerchief full of dollars. organs have dared to say that the people are not fit to govern themselves, because they avoid the vices of their former oppressors. The Princes accuse of a desire of plunder the people who required reforms. Have not the Princes committed every species of rapine and plunder? Where can one instance of this be found on the part of the people in insurrection? I will cite one example out of many of the people's honesty: While proclamations of this nature were yet on the walls of the Tusoan cities, a citizen of Leghorn, alarmed at seeing agreat crowd in the streats, ran off house from his elace with his handkerchief full of dollars; the weight broke the linen, and the dollars fell into the crowd. The by-standers, making a circle, helped the man in his misfortune, and collected his dollars for him, not a cent was missing.

few days before this circumstance, the police had been turned out of the city. During the whole of the time that there was no police, not a robbery occurred; yet some calumnistors are to be found who endeavored to represent the people as unit to be trusted out of leading strings.

Could anything have been more orderly and decorous than the Roman elections under the auspices of universal suffrage! Was not the Assembly composed of men the most eminent for their virtues and patriotism? Could any body of delegates have conducted itself with greater diguity than did the Roman representatives of the people, amid unprecedented difficulties, and in a city be sayed by an enemy? These elections and this Assembly can bear comparison with any in the world. The people can only hope to improve their education when they are masters, and have the power to do so. So long as the tyrants have the power to the sound of the suppose of the minute of the country, it is now avidant that in virginia the condition in which man is held as a chattel? The second of these paragraphs, towards the country of the result of the country of the resu

exterminate those same men who had saved his cruelties are to be pitied, and for their sake these persecutions are to be regretted. But the cause must be strengthened by them; it was a necessity that the contrast between the despots and the patriots should be shown in such clear colordefy contradiction

Though Rome had fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, had Sicily been saved, it could have re-mained an island fortress, where the sacred fire of declared that their religion was in danger, this iniquitous clique worked upon the superstition of the Lazzaroni, exciting them by the double motive of religion and of plunder. Lists of the double modifies were distributed by the confidential would be recognised as an independent state by doomed families were distributed by the confiden-tial agents of this modern Nero. The police Great Britain, placed at their head a Provisional marked the houses devoted to destruction, while bands of Lazzaroni, each led by a priest and a predominated. Trusting in the promises of the police agent, carried destruction from dwelling to British Foriegn Secretary, they elected a King

and children, and plundering their houses. The luted by 21 discharges from British vessels-ofand children, and plundering their houses. The soldiers of this royal tiger, aiding the bands above war. The people, lulled into security, did not take those measures necessary for their defence. Various manouvres were put into practice, to prevent their being able to use all those mean which were within their reach, while finally, abandoned by their King elect, and likewise by British diplomacy, as usual, they were handed over to the tender mercies of King Bombs, to be by him persecuted and massacred.

How could it be otherwise? Princes and diplomatists, men without conscience, having been allowed to direct a revolution, guided it where it

best suited their narrow views. All revolutions which have been conducted by nobles have ended in their merely securing for themselves certain aristocratic privileges, as was the case in Eng-land before the Reform bill. The Reform in England in '32 was brought about by the shop-keepers—they secured for themselves the right of voting. A Revolution, to produce benefit to the People, must be conducted by the People, and by such as they can place reliance in, or the People will always be cajoled out of the fruit of their la-bor. It is to be hoped that in the approaching contest the people may profit by the past dearly bought experience—that they may recollect how they have been betrayed by Princes, Nobles, and

Diplomatists—that they may always bear in mind that there men are the albert of the Pesuis, who never forget nor forgive. All nations must act for the general benefit of manking and not for the general benefit of manking and not are Despots, regardless of nationality, assist each other against the People, having established for that purposes alegged which the purpose alegged which formerly abolished capital punishment for all crimes—even for murder—yet at the same time, without trial, banished to the most unhealthy parts of the Maremma all persons suspected of Liberal opinions. With true Jesuitical hypocrisy he thus that purpose a league, which they blasphemously call "Holy." The immense armies which cover call "Holy." The immense armies which cover all Europe are not directed against each other, but only against the people. Their device is, "divide and conquer." Not only do they endeavor to provoke jealousy between the cities and provinces of Italy, (and also of Germany,) calling a native of Florence a foreigner when he is in Though he had solemnly engaged to uphold the Constitution, he nevertheless clandestinely ab-sconded—issued an incendiary proclamation exa native of Florence a foreigner when he is in Rome, and vice versa—but they continue to foment hatred between Nations, exciting Germans against Hungarians, Hungarians against Italians, Italians against Poles, &c., &c. Let the people now have their league, which with some greater shew of reason they can call "Holy." May the Despots never again find the students of Vienna willand, on finding that they had too much good sense to listen to his exhortations, he invoked the Aus-trian intervention. The desire of the mass of the population was to unite with the Roman Republic, but the intrigues of British diplomacy and of the Piedmontese Camarilla, operating upon the weakness of some persons of influence in the country who allowed themselves to be misled by ing to march against the Italians. No! Humanity, civilization, and the cause of the People, are the same in Vienna as in Italy or in Hungary— they are the same on the Rhine as on the Danube or on the Seine,

these promises and menaces, the much desired union was deferred. The Grand Duke returned or on the Seine.

The delusion so successfully practiced upon the merchants and shop-keepers, is now beginning to dissipate. They see that the party falsely calling itself the Protector of Order, is in reality the subverter of all order—that, by its unscrupulous efforts to maintain its supremacy, it keeps the world in constant agitation—that it is the enemy of all improvement civilization, and education. union was deferred. The Grand Duke returned to Florence, supported by Austrian bayonets, and the Jesuits became masters of the field. Who were their first victims? Those very persons whom they had mystified, and through whose culpable weakness in listening to their honeyed words they had returned to power! The British Ambassador, who was mainly instrumental in this restoration—who was the first person to fete the entry of the Austrians—lost all influence under the new order of things, so that he is now as bus-This party was so reckless that, at the risk of plunging all parts of Europe into civil war, it destroyed credit and confidence, for the purpose of laying the blame on the Liberals, and exciting sons for whose benefit the patriots were toiling.

Europe is now fast dividing itself into two camps. In the one are to be found the Pope, Kings, Nobles, and Jesuits, marshalled under the the return of the Grand Duke, his Royal Highness caused the prison doors to be opened to the
most atrocious criminals, in order to make room
for political offenders. He turned loose the
rooms and put in prison the honest men! How
The Pope, who had always been a most weak
man, was when first elected entirely under the
guidance of Cardinal Micari, of his confessor
Cardinal micari, of his confessor

principles cannot co-exist. Should by any misfortune the Cossacks succeed in subduing Europe for a time to their influence, then in no part of the world will Liberty be allowed a hiding-place—not even the New World will be free from the Fraziosi, and of the advocate Silvani-all three men were all of them suddenly and simultaneously taken ill, and all of them died. Then the Pope fell into other hands, and he attempted to undo all the good he had commenced. His deeds may be considered, from the death of the three scourge of Despotism. American citizens have every inducement to sympathize with the Euro-pean patriots—for the love of Justice—for their interests—for the sake of tranquillity, prosperity, and commerce, which cannot flourish till Liberty be triumphant. The People cannot be exterminated, and until they obtain equal rights, all expectation of their being quiet and contented is a dream. There may be, as there is now, a lull between the storms—but that is not peace. Europe owes much to America for having shown how well

ral good, the Old World would now be free.

This great question might two years ago have been settled nearly without a struggle, had British diplomacy sincerely supported the just demands of the oppressed multitudes. The vacillating conduct of the British Foreign Secretary and his sympathy for Nobles have brought society into its present state of confusion. The Patriots are willing to rely upon reason and argument. The Despots, however, being weak on these points, only place their faith in force, coercion, and violence. When the struggle commences may God protect the right he struggle commences may God protect the right

FREE DISCUSSION IN VIRGINIA.

In order to counteract reports prejudictal to my reputation, that have grown out of the pre-sentment of the grand jury, I deem it an act of justice due to me and the religious society with which I am connected, that my defrace, recently submitted to the court, should be published. The court, after hearing the argument of the attorney for the Commonwealth, and my reply, and considering the affidavit of C. C. McIntyre, as well as my own, determined to quash the pro-

ceedings.

as well as my own, determined to quash the pro-